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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIV. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 12, 1899. NUMBER 7.

THE BOSTON CONGRESS.

A Communication from the Local Committee to the Board of Directors of the Liberal Congress, dated Boston. Sept. 20th, 1899.

To assure the success of the meeting of the Liberal Congress of Religion in Boston, the Local Committee deem it positively necessary to postpone the meeting until the last week in April, 1900.

This recommendation is made in view of several gatherings of representative religious bodies which would interfere with attendance at the Congress, especially the overshadowing interest in the International Congregational Council; the declination of important speakers because of other engagements; and the need of fuller preparation in developing interest throughout New England.

By deferring the meetings until spring it is confidently expected that we shall be able to enlist a large constituency for the Congress, and to ensure a meeting of commanding importance. To this end the members of the Committee cordially pledge their co-operation.

For the Local Committee named below:

CHARLES F. CARTER, Chairman Sub-Committee on Program. LEWIS G. JANES, Chairman.

LOCAL COMMITTEE.

SUB-COMMITTEE ON PROGRAM

DR. L. G. JANES, 168 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass., Chairman of Local Committee.
REV. C. F. CARTER, Pastor Congregational Church, Lexington, Mass., Chairman of Sub-Committee on Program.
REV. C. F. DOLE, Pastor Unitarian Church, Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass.
REV. ANNA GARLIN SPENCER, Pastor Bell Street Chapel (Independent), Providence, R. I.
REV. CHARLES FLEISCHER, Rabbi Jewish Congregation, Boston.

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON, Cambridge, Mass.
PRES. W. D. W. HYDE, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Mass.
REV. DANIEL EVANS, Pastor Congregational Church, Cambridge, Mass.
DR. G. A. GORDON, Pastor New Old South Church, Boston, Mass.
REV. C. L. NOYES, Pastor Congregational Church, Somerville, Mass.
REV. FRANK C. HALL, Pastor Universalist Church Cambridge, Mass.
REV. G. C. LORIMER, Pastor Tremont Temple (Baptist), Boston.
REV. S. M. CROTHERS, Pastor Unitarian Church, Cambridge, Mass.
EDWIN D. MEAD, Editor New England Magazine, Boston, Mass.
REV. JOHN R. GOW (Baptist), Somerville, Mass.
PROF. N. S. SHALER, Harvard University, Mass.
REV. PHILIP S. MOXOM, Pastor Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass.
REV. B. FAY MILLS, Boston Mass.
MRS. EDNAH D. CHENEY, Boston, Mass.
PROF. C. H. TOY, Harvard University, Mass.
JOHN C. HAYNES, ESQ., Boston, Mass.
THOMAS VAN NESS, 2d Church (Unitarian), Boston, Mass.
HENRY C. GRAVES, Associate Pastor Tremont Temple (Baptist) Boston.

ACTION OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

A special meeting of the Board of directors, called to take action on the above recommendation, was held in the Pullman Building, Chicago, September 25, 12:30 p. m.—Messrs. H. W. Thomas, E. G. Hirsch, Joseph Stolz, Paul Carus, I. S. Moses, R. A. White and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. After discussion the above judgment of the Boston Committee was adopted and the Secretary was instructed to announce the postponement from October 9-13, 1899, to April 23-30, 1900, and to proceed on lines already established to perfect and enlarge the program already published in co-operation with the committee already announced. The Directors further voted to hold a State Congress in Chicago in November and to do what is possible in encouraging other local meetings of the kind during the winter, and the Directors further pledged their earnest co-operation with the Boston Committee and their personal attendance upon the Congress in April.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, General Secretary.

OUTLINE PROGRAM OF THE BOSTON CONGRESS, APRIL 23-30, 1900.

WE WILL HEW TO THIS LINE AS NEAR AS POSSIBLE.

The discussions of the Congress will group themselves under the general theme of "The Unity of the Religious Spirit, or the Unifying Forces now Working Through the Various Forces of Education, Politics, Religion," etc. The following is a tentative outline:

Monday, April 23.

Arrival, location and informal reception of delegates.

Tuesday, April 24.

3 p. m.—Business session. Appointing committees and organization of the Congress.
7:30 p. m.—Address of welcome.
Response by the President of the Congress: "What the Congress Stands For."
Congress sermon.

Wednesday, April 25 and Following Days.

UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

I.—a—The Spiritual Significance of Science.
b—The Movement of Thought Life in This Generation.
c—The Need of Historic Continuity in Times of Transition.
II.—Intellectual Interpretations of Faith, or the Value of Doctrine.
III.—The Value of Diversity of Belief.
IV.—Humanity as a Spiritual Organism.
V.—The Fellowship of the Sects. Our Positive Affirmations. What We Care For. Ten minute discussions by representatives of different denominations.
Summarization of the foregoing in a thirty minute address: "The Underlying Basis of Religious Unity."

CHURCH ORGANIZATION

VI.—The Ideal Church the Unifier of the Community.
a—In the Country.
b—In the City.
VII—Religious Forces Outside the Church; How to Foster and Develop Them.
VIII.—Specialized Forms of Church Life.
a—The Union Church.
b—The Institutional Church.
c—The Church of the Future.
IX—Social Effort.
a—Charity Organizations.
b—Social Settlements.
c—Education.
X.—The Future of the Congress. Business.
XI.—Religion in Terms of Sociology.
a—Moral Reform.
b—Political Reform.
c—Industrial Reform.

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1899. NUMBER 7.

UNITY has often deplored the degeneracy of the lyceum platform from the golden days of the lecturer, when Emerson, Wendell Phillips and their associates were heard annually in hundreds of the lesser and greater cities of our country, to the time when nothing but concerts, shows and platform pyrotechnics of low mentality pay is a great distance downward, and it becomes lovers of culture and morals to reinstate the platform in its former dignity. The church that seeks to become a center of real life in a community, a source of energy and a missionary of ideas, has not only an opportunity, but a duty, in this direction. Not what will pay, but what is profitable; not will it draw but will it educate and improve, should be the questions considered by church officials. Let ministers lend out their pulpits to these higher missionaries of ideas and of culture. In this connection we are glad to call attention to the announcement in another column of the opportunity given to those of the Middle West to hear Mr. Sunderland on topics of living interest, and in the illustrated lectures to see as well as hear the things that interest an alert mind in far away places.

Henry D. Lloyd, in a recent communication to the "Evening Post," in answer to some strictures published in his "Wealth Against Commonwealth," quotes from Emerson the saying, "It is high time bad wealth came to an end," and from Governor Roosevelt the phrase, "Our criminal rich," and he urges that "Our good wealth will commit the greatest mistake ever made in history by any people if it allows its interest to be confounded in the public mind with the interest of those whom the Earl of Shaftsbury called the 'truly dangerous class,' if the good wealth permits the bad wealth to take the leadership in business, church, education, politics and society. * * * This it is most anxious to take and to pay for most liberally in campaign contributions, pew rents and endowments." We believe with Mr. Lloyd that the so-called generosities and liberalities need to be closely scanned, for there is a power at work in the world that estimates gifts not by the amount, but by the purpose that dictated them, and it will be well for us as a nation only in so far as we have insight into this method and can anticipate the conclusions of history.

There was a man well known to many in Chicago who was spending a leisure afternoon in shingling his house. He was on his own land, using his own shingles, hammer and nails, as would appear to be guaranteed him by the Constitution and the Preamble to the Declaration of Independence. To him appeared a walking delegate and asked if he belonged to the union. The man replied in the negative and proceeded with his work. The walking delegate thereupon informed him that he must join at once, and the man kept on working as per Constitution and Preamble. Then the walking delegate called out "scab" and made faces, but the man shingled. Finally the delegate threatened violence, and talked fight, and the man climbed down and the walking delegate was assisted by passers-by to remove himself to another street, mumbling threats of mob violence. Then the man loaded his shotgun with coarse salt, notified the police of his imminent danger and went on shingling. If this true tale were told to any liberty-loving man on the earth except the walking delegate, such man would applaud the shingler; he could do nothing else. But here is the postoffice cornerstone business, and the President of the United States joins the union before he will put in place the material of the United States on the land of the United States. Verily, a public office must be a private sacrifice.

Although the assembling of people to listen and to discuss great issues is always beneficial, and although the present Autumn Festival in Chicago is especially well provided in the matter of oratory, the whole foundation of the performance is sordid and commercial, and the discussion confined to the ipse dixits of the administration. It is frankly acknowledged that it is gotten up for the benefit of trade. The subscribers to the fund, for tawdry decoration and partisan eloquence, calmly calculated the relation between expenditure and prospective receipts. The speechmaking was all of one character and all has one drift. The iterated urging of "loyalty," with the thought that the flag must always carry title to the soil beneath it; that the flag, however and wherever placed, drops from its folds liberty and law. To question any portion of this argument is in bad taste, as suggested by the president of the Marquette Club before calling speakers to the floor. To doubt the supreme intelligence of our servants in Washington (and they deeply doubt each other) is disloyalty and the trail of the copperhead. This union of loyalty and linen, of bargain counter and bayonet, of soap and expansion, has in it something that would be humorous if it were not sad. It brings to our lips the not unjustified query, as to whether the great action in the East is not typified as well as glorified by this small doing in the West. We are prone to ask whether the hope that "commerce will follow the flag" is not intimately associated with our "duty and our destiny," and with "humanity" of the commercial type.

The address on "Race Prejudice" delivered by Dr. Emil G. Hirsch before the congregation of Quinn Memorial Chapel (negro) last week, furnished a memorable occasion. The invocation by Elder Brewster was an impressive statement of the sympathies that should exist between the two historically oppressed races of the world. Dr. Hirsch attributes that traditional vice to several causes, among which were the fundamental instinct

of wary and distrustful barbarism and the conscious superiority of majorities. The first he demonstrated to be in process of elimination by the cosmopolitan breadth of view that comes with travel and wide association. The second, which exhibits itself in a persistent judging of the minority, not by its best or its average, but by its worst types, seemed to him to require that the minority race should raise its whole mass above criticism. This, a noble end for striving, will scarcely appear as a probable result of such striving. Taking up the old Hebrew traditions of man's creation, he found in them the basic idea of a common ancestry and drew the deduction therefrom of a common equality. It has remained for the modern idea of liberty to make this deduction, which certainly was not exemplified in the actions of the ancient Hebrews, who went so far as to claim sole possession of the Deity and to accord their "outlanders" with any but fraternal treatment. To our mind the plea of actual equality in intellect and character was carried too far. But the discourse was certainly inspiring and evidently fully appreciated. Whether all races of men are equal or not in endowments, they are entitled to being judged by one standard, which is certainly far from the case at present.

Sarah K. Bolton is known to the wider circle as the famous writer of books for the young. Her list of studies of the "Famous" run through "Poor Boys," "Poor Girls," "Men of Science," "American and English Statesmen, Authors, Artists, Voyagers" and many others, making a series of some fifteen volumes in all, crisp and bright biographies, which contribute to the pleasure of the reader of all ages. But to a more limited circle Mrs. Bolton is known none the less favorably as the champion of dogs, the friend of the friendless cur, the interpreter of the household pet, a poet of the St. Bernard. Her last production is an eight-page pamphlet on "The Wrong of the Dog License System." She accumulates a formidable pile of statistics showing an aggregate of pain, both canine and human, that is oppressive, and still it is but fair to say that the fecundity of dogs, unchecked and fully protected, would soon carry the dog population beyond all adjustment to human needs and comfort. After the poor are supplied with dogs and all the pets are protected and the rights of the speechless quadruped fully recognized, there will still be left the problem of overflow and the surplus. And it is the humane society that undertakes to execute the dog license law and to kill the unlicensed one in New York, Cincinnati, Chicago and in many other cities. The right way may not yet have been found; certainly there must be a still more excellent way; meanwhile the humane must continue to apply themselves to this problem, which is only a portion of the larger problem of the adjustment of life on this earth. Life must not alone be protected, but progress and civilization also be secured.

Chicago in Its Glory.

Chicago has another Court of Honor temporarily installed on State street. We write in the midst of its week of festivities and our ears are full of figures, none of them with less than six ciphers to the right. The President is here. The streets are lined with people, the air is full of martial music, there are processions galore and banquets unparalleled in numbers, in the length of their menus and in the flight of their oratory. It is the twenty-eighth anniversary of our burning. It is a fitting time to lay the corner-stone of the new postoffice, which, when completed, is going to be, as might be expected, the "most perfect," "extensive," "beautiful," etc., etc., of all the government buildings in the country.

All this is well. Processions and parades have great educative value. It pays to be crowded and jammed, to have all one's personal prerogatives and peculiarities rudely stepped upon, to have the individual privacy and sanctity of person ruthlessly ignored once in a while, for therein comes a wholesome sense of togetherness. It is a remedy for conceit and a great breeder of enthusiasm, without which the world would cease to progress.

But after it is all over with it is the high duty of everyone to eliminate as far as possible the noise and see how much sense remains; to boil down the enthusiasm and see how much justice and wisdom abide.

It is very gratifying to note the sobriety and the good nature that prevail. The drunken man was scarcely in evidence and the apprehension of riots or other disturbances far removed. The most law-breaking elements witnessed by the writer, who was very near the jam, were the smiling women, who impudently crowded the police line and would get a good view, even though it be in the middle of the street.

But we note with regret the undue emphasis laid upon bigness and the false basis of prophecy continuously insisted upon from the President's speeches down to the city editorials—the boast of wealth and the alleged great prosperity of our time, and the absence of any recognition of the serious problems that beset the thoughtful and the perplexities that rest upon the heart of the philosophers and the poets of our day. Unfortunately, from beginning to end the Chicago celebration verifies the keen analysis of William Wallace in his "Wonderful Century," which notes the sad disparagement between the material triumphs of the nineteenth century and its moral progress. The bigness of Chicago, the growth of bank deposits, the ever-enlarging commerce are facts that in themselves prove nothing in the way of moral growth or of permanency. There were times in the history of Babylon and Carthage; of Alexandria and of Venice, when such boasts as are indulged in this week in Chicago by preachers, cabinet officers and President, could be made with equal gusto and with equal confidence.

Those high in authority are doing well in Chicago this week, but they would do much better if they gave evidence that they heard the sad, sweet music of humanity in the cry for betterment that comes up out of the sweatshops, in the groping for justice that is felt in college class-room, in social settlements, in unsatisfied pews, and the absence of which in the pulpit makes the most brilliant panagyric of Chicago greatness or American prowess but as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." It would be well if over the rejoicings

in the new opportunity and the extending dominion of the American flag in the Philippines, there was some recognition of the awful price it costs, the mangled corpses that turn their ghastly faces to that tropic sun, the broken American homes, and, above all, the hardening of the heart by the glistening bayonet and the deadly bullet, the relapse into militarism, the blurring of the fair face of the Goddess of Liberty, whose protecting shield should be extended over every benighted son of earth that lifts mute hands to heaven, begging freedom and craving the high perplexity of self-government.

There were great crowds to welcome the President and his cabinet in Chicago, as was meet, but these guests will do well to note the absence of certain spontaneous love, the silence where cheers ought to be heard and the cheers where silence would be more complimentary.

One of the unique features of the Chicago celebration is getting to be the Sunday night service at the Auditorium. Religious bigotry does not interfere in Chicago. A cosmopolitan company, an undenominational audience, filled the mighty building, converted for the time being into a great metropolitan cathedral. The speeches made by Mr. Lawrence of the Baptist, Frank Crane of the Methodist, R. A. White of the Universalist and E. G. Hirsch of the Jewish fellowship, were bright, eloquent, full of snap and quick alternations of pathos and humor, wit and prophecy, making the occasion one to be pleasantly remembered and, for the time being being, moderately impressive. Indeed, there is so much that is beautiful about the occasion, the spirit and the utterance, that we hope that this will increasingly become the event of the Chicago week. Chicago can trust itself to be serious here. The light military music, the quickstep movement that called up army memories and sectional strife with which the service began, was to be regretted and the post-prandial repartee and humor were unnecessary to the sustaining of the interest of that thoughtful and wide-awake multitude.

We hope that next year the experiment will be tried of clothing this service with the dignity of a great temple occasion, and instead of four short addresses, bright and full of local and passing color, let there be one great address, a profound sermon by the deepest hearted and longest visioned preacher-prophet obtainable from any part of the world. Let him there touch for the most representative and cosmopolitan gathering available in Chicago throughout all the year, some of the higher notes in the music of the spirit, let him speak in the spirit of the old prophets, and if it may be with the power of the old bards, of death, duty and destiny, the universalities of life that are applicable everywhere and precious always. Let there be erected annually an altar of religion in Chicago, before which municipal pride, metropolitan consciousness, aye, even American boast and brag sink into insignificance in the presence of the saner and diviner consciousness of the universal man, worshiping the universal God in the name of universal love, liberty and truth.

'Tis better to be nobly remembered, than nobly born.
—*Ruskin.*

Good Poetry.

Dum Vivimus, Vivamus

Let us enjoy the present as is meet,
  Nor anger heaven to take our joys away
By weak complainings that the hours are fleet,
  And death too soon shall close our little day.

In the brief space that lies 'twixt morn and eve,
  Some trees of life may bloom, some hopes may grow,
Some clear persuasion that the bliss we leave,
  Is but a gleam of that to which we go.

So that, when falls the dusk at set of sun,
  Glad we may turn from toil to rest awhile,
Sure to complete the tasks we leave undone,
  With stronger purpose 'neath the morrow's smile.

—*E. D. R. Bianciardi*

The Coup De Grace.

If I were very sure
That all was over betwixt you and me,—
  That, while this endless absence I endure
With but one mood, one dream, one misery
Of waiting, you were happier to be free,—

Then I might find again
In cloud and stream and all the winds that blow,
  Yea, even in faces of my fellow-men,
The old companionship; and I might know
Once more the pulse of action, ere I go.

But now I cannot rest,
While this one pleading, querulous tone without
  Breaks in and mars the music in my breast.
I open the closed door—lo! all about,
What seem your lingering footprints; then I doubt.

Waken me from this sleep!
Strike fearless, let the naked truth-edge gleam!
  For while the beautiful old past I keep,
I am a phantom, and all mortals seem
But phantoms, and my life fades as a dream.

—*Andrew Hedbrooke.*

To the Fringed Gentian.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night:

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and comest alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

The book harvest is in full tide. The Macmillan house in New York announce thirteen new books or new editions of old books in the one week ending September 30. Among the new books is an important work on the "Science of Statistics," by Prof. Mayo-Smith of Columbia University, a book issued by the Columbia University press, and a new edition of George Brandess' volume on Shakespeare.

Notes By E. P. Powell.

Faith Cure.—Faith cure and hypnotism must be considered together. They are complementary facts, but they are also universal facts—as universal in the spiritual life as attraction is in the physical. Everyone has faith, but in different degrees. Everyone is susceptible to hypnotic influence, and he also exercises hypnotic power; also in greatly different degrees. The two facts must never be separated. When we find a person very susceptible to hypnotism, and at the same time a strong believer, we get conditions favorable for the strange phenomena recorded by the psycho-physiological experimenters—mesmeric sleep, catalepsy and subordination of the will. Faith cure records its extraordinary results upon this class of people. It is rightly named; it requires trusting confidence on the one side and on the other the strong will. Yet it is based on the general fact that all persons, when brought into intellectual and physical relations, exercise either a curative or a disordering effect on each other. Auto-hypnotism or mind cure is the result of the mind and will introverted to act upon self, rather than outwardly upon others. The books of Henry Wood and Mr. Dresser cover more particularly this side of the subject—the power that mental exercise has over our own physical conditions. The mental attitudes taken and the helpful programs suggested are what the Christian Church, and all other churches, have taught under the general heads of prayer, fasting and incantation. Buddha sat at the foot of the Bo Tree repeating Om all day. Our friends prefer to repeat "God is Good" or "Let Us Love One Another." The old-fashioned Christian repeated the Lord's prayer, or the Golden Rule, or committed to heart the Beatitudes. The object was the same, to secure a condition of mind exalted above the sensations of the body, and so put the body under. The better school of Christian Scientists, or mental healers, or faith curists, is doing nothing but to bring this old idea forward, in fresh and beautiful forms, and with an emphasis that is needed in a time when physical science is all-masterful.

That there should be a superstitious school of mental healers is natural. That the whole subject should involve more or less of pretentious humbug is not surprising. No greater fact is involved in human life than this differentiation of mind power from body power, and its possible use to control body functions, and even recreate the mind itself. When a half-trained mind finds this almost miraculous power in his charge, he is quite as likely to be extravagant, or even insane, in its use, as were the Flagellants, who beat the body into subjection, or the revivalists, who pounded it into frenzy and rolled in the dirt while ejaculating prayers. It is not improbable that the development of the faith cure system will lead to a more thorough overhauling and analysis of all our religious experiences. We may be led to recognize the ruinous effects of subjecting ourselves to unwholesome preaching, and our children to the trip-hammering of excited exhorters.

As a system of healing, to displace the use of drugs, mental healing may rouse us from the present dangerous subjection under which we have fallen to the power of patent compounds, and in general stimulants and narcotics. It may arouse discussion concerning the unadvised use of drugs, without even knowing them by name, much less their possible and complex effects. One of our ablest physicians has recently declared that the American people should be designated by a new name, the quinine eaters; and he utters a note of warning against the baleful habit. We may hope that the agitation will go much further, and break the power of medical men to prescribe experimentally the most dangerous poisons. The amount of constitutional and moral damage that is being done is inexpressible.

The power of faith is the power of love and confidence combined. We have faith in God because we love his character. Faith underlies friendship, and it bottoms our industries. It reaches up to God as it reaches out to man. It is the wonder of all wonders. It is the highest achievement during the evolution of man above the beast. That it has power over disease is not so wonderful. It orders; disease disorders. A true science of faith power is what we most need; a false, selfish, superstitious faith system is exactly what we do not need. This much we know, that all right faith cure will start at the point "Keep near God" and "Hold in your heart only pure friendship." Let your trust be sweet with the Father, and let your relations with the good predominate. Let no lie enter your soul, for lying is mental disease. Would you heal yourself let your will power be ever sacredly guarded from the unwholesome. Open your mind to the beautiful, the true and the good. Is not the great medical prescription, that which Dr. Hale gives us, "Look upward and not downward, outward and not inward, forward and not backward, and lend a hand?" E. P. P.

The Liberal Congress.

From an editorial in the "Old and New" (Davenport, Iowa) for October, 1899:

"The discussions of the Congress will group themselves under the general theme of 'The Unity of the Religious Spirit; or the Unifying Forces Now Working Through the Various Realms of Education, Politics, Religion, etc.' A theme more consonant with the true function of the Congress could not have been chosen. As a body which stands for and re-enforces the unities of religion, and indeed in life at large, the Congress has come forward to fill an unoccupied field and bids fair not only to hold its ground permanently, but also to constantly widen its borders. It was born to meet the needs of the hour, but much more to make ready a power which shall be equal to the needs of the future.

"One great process, that of differentiation, had reached well towards its limits in the development of Western religious life, when this Congress came into being to give organic shape and power to the beginnings of a second great process, that of unification. By it, or by that of which it is prophetic, Protestantism, together, perhaps, with Catholicism, is to be conducted into whatsoever there is that is actual and enduring of the church universal. And there is much; this term which has stirred mighty hearts to saintly or martial ardor is not a hollow phrase. There are communities and unities not only as between Protestants and Protestants and Protestants and Catholics, but also as between Christians and non-Christians, and no man would be in accord with the fundamental evolutionary ideas of the age who did not believe that those unities and communities will yet find some form of organic expression and efficiency. To this pioneering the Liberal Congress is dedicated and must contribute."

Noontide.

The high stars over at night
  Are under at noon;
And a young soul's vision of Heaven
  Passes how soon!

He climbs; and the clear seen goal
  Is gone—ah! Where?
Whispers a voice from the Infinite,
  Climb! I am there!

—*F. W. Bourdillon.*

The Pulpit.

Present Problems in Religion.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Preached in All Souls Church, Chicago, October 8, 1899.

Like all the great words, "Religion" is a word hard to define. "Love," "Faith," "Duty," are words that baffle the highest skill of the lexicographer, but what flies the dictionary may lodge in a child's mind. They cannot be defined because they include and hold the definer. The lesser cannot contain the greater. The mind that tries to describe is smaller than the reality to which it would fit its description.

So it is safe to suppose that your apprehension of my subject is clearer than my definition of it. Religion is a verity best understood when least defined. Whatever it is it has a holding force, a binding power. It has that which cements human lives, holds souls together, and more—it is that which consciously relates man-power to the world-power, fits the finite into the infinite, makes the human aspiration cosmic, gives to the soul a sense of its relation to the divine. Religion is what has forced upon human thought and feeling the word "God." It is that which has put a nimbus of reverence about our common daily life, set fatherhood and motherhood, brotherhood and childhood into an aureole of reverence, a nimbus of mystery. It is that which feels that there is a heart of permanence within the fluctuating and the fleeting, that there is an essence that abides, a substance that lasts, hid behind the shifting scenes and fugitive passions of life.

Religion, whatever it is, has fixed the landmarks of history, consecrated the shrines of humanity that hold their power over the human heart, whether the thing reared stands perpendicular respecting the lines planned for it by the constructing soul, or whether it lies prone, a fallen ruin, in obedience to the demands of that providence that represents the movements of the over-soul. The battered pillars of Karnak, the prostrate stone slabs of Stonehenge, the beautiful fragments of the Parthenon, still appeal to the human heart, lift human thought and shame human baseness. Religion, whatever it is, is something opposed to flippancy, something that modifies conceit, that gives the sense of sin, that brings the blush of shame. It is a passion for virtue and a peace of mind in the attainment of the same so sublime, that it passeth all understanding, and we call it "the peace of God."

Whatever religion is, it is one of the most permanent and presistent elements of human nature. It is a force that harries and lures, that tears and consoles, that blesses or curses the life as the life uses or abuses these mystic forces.

The profoundest questions of any age are the questions of religion, and the adjustment of these forces to the ever-shifting and ever-growing conceptions of the human mind, and relations of human society represents the most difficult tasks and the finest issues that the human soul ever sets itself to.

Never in the history of the world were these adjustments so difficult as now; never a place on this globe where the perplexities were greater than here in Chicago. Here not only shines with full force the new light of science, the new interpretations of nature, the different way of looking at things, but we stand here at one of the storm centers of the civic and industrial world. Different and oftentimes discordant elements are poured into this seething caldron. Social ambitions unstayed by social custom, the fever of new-found wealth and the anger and bitterness of unexpected poverty and unforeseen reverses, all combine to distract and defeat the forces of religion.

Upon these problems I must not dwell. But men are to-day trying to adjust a Ptolemaic theology into a Copernican science. Most of the creeds were formed on the geocentric theory of our planetary system, while all the culture and so-called secular ideas are based upon a heliocentric system. The church traditions still assume a tremendous earth ascendency in the economy of the universe and man the chief concern of the universe and Christ the God-man, the indispensable instrument in the administration of earth and heaven. Most of the creeds still assume a short life to this old world, a narrow range to the limitless inspirations of men, a Biblical boundary to the boundless word of God. Religion is busy in trying to adjust itself to the thought of a cosmic unity, of the slow evolution of life from monad to man, of a long history to man on earth and a boundless range to the inspirations of song and prophecy, which yield scriptures that have proved themselves holy by their helpfulness. Centers of revelation we may discover, but who dare set the boundaries of revelation?

It is the high task of religion to-day to adjust tenderest feeling to clearest thought and to accept as spiritual revelation the proven truths of science, to bring its creeds down to date and to make a working gospel out of evolution, to give baptismal power to the proven solidarity of the race and universality to the ethical sense and the religious sentiment.

Perhaps all the more difficult and still more indispensable is the adjustment to the new social order. Kings still tarry on the earth, but they remain on sufferance, belated survivals of a past regime. Armies still stay on the earth, trying to perpetuate the supremacy of might which once was the available right, but which some day will be seen to be inherently wrong. For a while yet the dominion of the bayonet and the bullet will obtain to represent the crass economy of governments, the crude and cruel administrations of state, but they are doomed. The principals of political economy combine with the dictates of humanity, demanding that bayonets be subordinated to brains and bullets give way to ballots, and religion, that once looked complacently upon moving armies, nay, commissioned its commanders, baptized its generals and armed its priests, must make common cause with the forces of love that call for a truce. It is for religion to adjust itself, not to the inspirations of the clan, not even the claim of the nation, but of the international state. It is to adjust itself to the universal peace promised by its prophets, necessitated by its sages and preached by its apostles.

Wealth still obtains as a dominant power. Where the knights of the tournament and the battlefield are gone, the land baron, the industrial king, the railroad magnate, the pool-maker and the trust-tyrant remain. But the dignity of labor, the education of the artisan, the growing sense of justice, the growing civic conscience, the economies of the commonwealth, have doomed the artificial inequalities, the unreal social distinctions that come from an unrighteous use of these powers, and religion must adjust itself to a democracy more primal, intelligent, corporate and co-operative than the world has ever yet seen.

To recapitulate: The king, ruling in his "divine right," the general made great by conquests on battlefields and ruling by virtue of his power to devastate and to destroy, and the money baron who rules by virtue of dollars accumulated by craft more than by skill, by manipulation more than by creation, are doomed. They have got to go, and religion must adjust itself to a democracy more far-reaching, radical and organic than has ever yet been realized. Religion must hasten to put itself on a peace footing and must make itself more independent than ever before of the artificial distinctions of society—distinctions that fail to see the

sometimes ghastly poverty of the rich and the sometimes noble wealth of the poor. In other words, religion must not only bring its creed down to date, but it must make it its business to try to apply the morality taught by the schools, to foster the economies enforced by the latest and noblest of the sciences—social science—and to demand a practice fitting the advance, a morality that becomes those who stand on the picket line of humanity's moving line.

In order to do this, religion must take new hold, not only of the individual, but of the home and the state. It must not only save the soul, but it must save the family and the community.

I remember that the church is not now and never has been an adequate measure of religion. I am glad to believe that religion expresses itself in a thousand ways independent of and even antagonistic to the church, but incarnation is a fundamental law of the spirit and life must ever incorporate itself. Truth is true only when incarnated and the church is the incarnation of the spirit of religion, inadequate indeed, but indispensable. In proportion as religion is vital it will in the future as in the past institutionalize itself, and the church in some form or another will remain on the earth as long as human life remains an aspiring, growing, struggling inhabitant thereof. Religion dies only when man ceases to be human, and while religion continues the church in some form or another will continue. So to discuss the problem of religion in its more concrete and practical form is to discuss the problem of the church.

Testing the church by principles already laid down, how inadequate, to say the least, is its present exhibit. The power of the church over the individual I will not this morning discuss. Admit for argument's sake that it is as great or greater than ever before, who must not mourn the inadequacy of the church influence in the home and the absence of it as a commanding and reconciling power in the hot competitions, agitations and discussions that distract the community? How meager is the church influence in the home is obvious to anyone who looks about him. It is the humor of the exchange that the husband and father delegates the religious interests of the family to his wife, and it is the scandal of the club that the wife and mother, in proportion as she affects culture and "up-to-dateness," carries to the church her conventional and perfunctory self, while she saves for what she calls "society" and the "club" her studies, her investigations, the power of her personality and the strength of her presence. Meanwhile she is too prone to delegate her children's education to most anybody who assumes a right to teach them most anything. This mother betakes herself, when convenient, to the church that is most convenient and least exacting. The preacher, who, if he is justified at all, is justified as the successor of the prophets, is most desirable and as the world goes most "successful" who is least heard upon these high questions of adjustment. The most desirable pastor is the one who has fewest opinions concerning the disputed questions in religion and politics.

That my words may be more clear and that you may hold me more responsible for them, let us study the church at short range and note its power here in Chicago. Rate high their influence, give them large credit for the good they do, deny not their claim to respect for the inspirations they generate, the consolations they offer, and I will join with you and will add to your maximum, but let not that blind us to the pathetic shortcomings and the awful disappointments that gather around our churches. Think of the thousands upon thousands of lives that never darken church doors, the best and the worst in every community are practically removed beyond the conscious influence of the preaching and praying houses we call churches. Thousands more use the churches as places of diversion or spasmodic attendance, to which they give only evasive support. Listen to the groan of church treasurers, measure the enthusiasm of church trustees, note the reluctance with which the subscriptions are made and the sorry fact that subscriptions once made are perhaps less promptly honored and more frequently violated than any other financial obligation assumed in modern society. Why is it that the church receives the reproach of the reformer and has become a social decoration, a neighborly convenience, an accident or incident, and not a fundamental element in so many lives? It is not enough to say that it is because the church so inadequately represents the forces of religion that the outward expression has overlaid and suppressed the inward spirit, that in its desire to achieve external results it has lost the dynamic spirit. We must go further and try to trace some of the causes of this loss of vitality, this absence of the creative spirit.

What is the matter with the church? I answer, first: We have no church. The church has been killed by the churches. The spirit of religion, which is synthetic, has been killed by the distractions of theologians and ecclesiastics. The church has suffered the fate of the flower that is analyzed, the frog that is dissected—it has been killed in the operation. It may be necessary in the interest of science to analyze one flower, to dissect an occasional frog, but botany and biology reveal the splendid synthesis and glory of the united and undivided life. We have "Baptist" churches, "Methodist" churches, "Presbyterian" churches, "Unitarian" churches, "Jewish" churches, "Catholic" churches without end, but in proportion as the soul through study and through the experiences of life loses its interest in these distinctive dogmas, customs, rules and usages, it loses its interest in the churches and falls out to wait for or to work for the holier synthesis that will again express itself in a church that will seek to foster the sense of oneness, to direct the soul's thirst for God in the interest of the universal needs of the soul, to express collectively that which no single heart or mind is able to express separately.

Religion is now distracted by its servants, slain in the house of its friends. The spirit of the church is emasculated by the churches. One of the problems of religion to-day is how to put a scaffolding under the feet of the denominationalist so that he can look over the fence, see into his neighbor's yard and discover there the same flowers and weeds as grow in his own yard, so that he and his neighbor will confer together how to carry on their gardening; one profits by the other's experience. When this is done, how soon will the fence be torn down and they will work together who before worked apart.

Competition has reached its limits in the industrial world; still more so in the religious world. If "combination" is the word in the production of material goods, how much more is it the word in the production of the immaterial forces. The children of this world will not always be wiser than those who work for the eternal verities and the lasting realities.

As one of the results of this division comes the nomadic character of our churches. Protestantism in Chicago may be characterized as "Christianity on wheels." Chicago is eighty years old, and still in this half century it is a poor Protestant church that has not had at least three houses and a different site each time. The first churches that began at the center, are now well out on the periphery. The "First Presbyterian" has got as far as Twenty-first street and is looking longingly further; the "First Congregationalist" has moved away out on the West Side, the "First Baptist" has got as far as Thirty-first, the "First Jewish Congregation" as far as Thirty-third, the "First Universalist" to Thirtieth, the "First Unitarian" is planning to get to Fifty-seventh street, and the "First

Methodist," alas, that up to this date has held its own after a fashion at the center of the town, is planning to abandon the central citadel. Here as elsewhere, as might be expected, the "rolling stone gathers no moss." The church that undertakes to represent the most permanent and lasting forces around which associations of immeasurable value ought to gather, becomes the most unstable of public centers. There are hotels and banking houses in the city of Chicago, I suspect, that have longer local associations and carry more geographical memories to-day than any church in the city. You might as well undertake to move your birthplace around with you as to carry your church on your back or change your church relations for the same reason that you change your grocery or your milliner; aye, for less reason, for there are hundreds of women who prefer to do their shopping down in the center, where they will profit by the larger institution and the greater combinations that come from the larger center, whose church relation is severed by a distance of six or eight blocks. The reasons which have led to the migratory character of the Protestant church are not far to find, and when found set the mind to thinking.

The first very tangible and apparently satisfactory cause for the peripatetic church is that it seeks to minister only to people who can be made Baptists, Methodist, Unitarians or some other denominational type, and practically only to such of these as are well fixed in the world and are able to pay for a church, as they do for other luxuries. Of course, such a church must follow these people and seek to lure them in the shifting "resident centers." This makes the institution an attachment to certain individuals, and wherever the majority of them move they move their privileges along with them. It is, of course, their perfect right to do so, and such a church has a mission to perform, but it dies with the people that built it, for to undertake to build a church for blue-eyed people or people with curly hair would be to accept a principle of classification more permanent and more characteristic than at the present time to expect to divide an intelligent Protestant community by textual interpretation or credal convictions.

But deeper than this lies another element in the city of Chicago, which makes a migratory church not only possible, but for the time being apparently profitable. The Chicago man is nothing if he is not alive to real estate values, and the moment a church site appreciates beyond certain real estate values further south, north or west, then the interest of religion would seem to require a real estate deal, selling out at a high and buying at a low price, and building a better church with the profits, and at the same time get into a more desirable neighborhood. You know the argument. Everyone here has seen its workings and most of you have felt its sway.

"Property is getting too valuable." "The locality is getting worse and worse every day." "The 'nice' people are moving further south." All of which arguments are valid until we come to a new conception, or, rather, a new realization, of the old conception of what a church is for.

Has it come to this, that the church is to be the first to recede in the face of what the apostle vigorously called the "world, the flesh and the devil?" Is the church to beat a retreat before poverty, inebriety, filth and ignorance? Is the church to become the last luxury of the favored rather than the redeeming power at the heart of misery?

Where is the best site for a church? One would suppose it to be where a church is most needed, where a church can do most good, where it can be the best reconciling power between the favored on the one hand and the miserable on the other; where it can put one hand on misery and another on luxury and become a medium of exchange. It is the business of the church to be a leveling power, leveling upward forever. This mission of the church, once conceived, the church having taken its stand, will hold it, will hold it not for the benefit of the saints, but to save the sinners; will hold it not in the name of the respectable, but in the name of God, hold it for the sake of fighting the devils of indolence and dissipation.

It is this conception of the church that has given us those mighty landmarks in history, the great cathedral forces in Europe, those places toward which the learned and the loving of all names and countries turn willing feet. Think of the great Notre Dame of Paris, that city of refuge to the hunted and the distracted souls of eight hundred years, where, in olden times, the helpless and the fugitive found a sanctuary so sacred that mob violence, military arrogance and kingly invasion would break at its feet like high breakers on a rock-bound coast, and where through all the generations poetry and art have combined with history, association and the mystic forces in the human soul in ameliorating the materialism of the world, rebuking the arrogance of life in drowning selfishness in a sense of eternity. Real estate on the island that once formed the limits of the city of Paris is very valuable now. That site could be sold for a fabulous sum, besides, the life around there is very degenerate. The "nice" people have moved away and now live on the circumference. There are no fine resident districts around there. Would it be good sense or good business, then, to sell that real estate and have money enough to pull down the old cathedral and rebuild it somewhere in the neighborhood of Bois de Boulogne, where the elegant suburbanites live, and have money enough left to run it for a century? Why does not the sagacious archbishop of the English church see his opportunity of moving the dead bodies out of Westminister, selling out the old pile, build a business block and make a lot of money thereby to advance the gospel of Jesus Christ?

This conception of a church recognizes the cumulative power of an institution. It must be built out of the resources of a wide community and consecrations of successive generations. It must stand as the best earthly type of the eternal, and its stream of influence, the living water of love and worship, must ever run on. Like the brook, it must say:

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

This conception of a church makes it an expensive institution, something that deserves and will command the combined support of a larger constituency and the continuous support of the centuries. Creeds may change, preachers may disappoint, administrations fail, but the cathedral that is a center of life, continuous life, aggressive life, remains.

In order to secure the benefits of such an institution and to secure its benefactions to one's children, the busy citizens of Chicago must be willing to go at least as far as they now are willing to go for their dramatic and operatic privileges, as far as they go to buy their groceries and do their business. Such a church cannot be scared away by an overcrowded population and cannot be bought off by a real estate bargain.

Friends, Chicago is on exhibition to-day. With proud heart she displays her achievements. With parade and illumination, brazen trumpets and eloquent throats she invites the attention and fain would command the respect of the world. This week orators will boast of her business temples, and the President of these United States will help lay the corner stone of its great civic cathedral. Chicago this week exploits her statistics of commerce and delights in her schools. Where are her shrines? Where is the church or churches around which has begun to gather the history of Chicago life, that worthily exemplify her higher

triumphs? Are there any pilgrim feet turned this way that will seek the shrines made sacred by a prophet's voice or a saint's consecration? Can we expect to rear here on Lake Michigan a world-city, a metropolis of culture and morality, without planting in it great moral centers, temples of soul, workshops of the spirit, the activities of which, from center to circumference, will be a defiance to selfishness and a foe to greed?

Oh, how barren and meager is Chicago to-day in this respect. On the North Side, obscured perhaps in dust, and secured under lock and key, I fear, is laid away the old anvil brought hither from the English smithy, upon which the lad, Robert Collyer, fused the red hot iron. A few of our visitors may wish to see the pulpit near by whereon the man, Robert Collyer, welded hearts with his hammer strokes after he had brought them to a white heat in the furnace of his eloquence.

A few of the older visitors may think of Central Music Hall as the place where the sunny-hearted David Swing dissipated the gloom that hung over the hereafter and gave to murky Chicago the sun-glow of Athens, but they must think of Central Music Hall sadly, for already word has gone forth that it is too valuable a property to be given much longer to such uses, and the men who put their money into that building that a prophet might be heard, have long since forgotten their prophetic purpose in their delight over the dividends declared and in their anxiety for a still bigger percentage.

If the visitors to Chicago this week will look further for the capital buildings of the city of Chicago, the temple places that represent not a faction nor a sect, but the whole life of Chicago, they will be led to reflect sadly that the so-called "Fine Arts Building," which contains the greatest nest of halls, the most available places of rendezvous in the heart of the city, is owned by a private corporation and was built for gain; that the great Auditorium building, which might well stand as our noble civic temple, the property of the whole people, as it is the pride, built out of the prosperity and in one way or another the contributions of the whole people, is opened only by a golden key, and that it takes from five hundred to a thousand dollars to open the big front door of that which ought to be a great people's cathedral.

I have alluded to the probable surrender of the Methodists of their central block; but this is nothing new. It is only the final capitulation of what began long ago. For years and years they have been sacrificing to the god of mammon there, trying to make that spot of land earn money which ought to have been held, from the hardpan underground up to the highest reach that a tall building can be constructed, every inch of it, for the service of the city, the interest of humanity, love's work in our needy city. If years ago they had followed their Master's example and scourged the money changers out of the temple they would have made the word "Methodist" a name forever glorious in the city of Chicago, for they would have builded so wisely that the centuries would recognize the temple, the foundations of which they laid.

I am not pleading for dead stone and mortar. I am not the retained attorneys of Gothic architecture, stained glass or dim religious light. I do not know what outward shape this spirit of religion will take upon itself, but I am sure it will express itself in potent buildings, it will express itself in working forces, it will build for itself workshops for humanity. Already I believe we see signs of that better day. Religion in Chicago is recovering herself. Under other names the church is slowly fighting its way back to its lost estate in the crowded districts. The so-called "Settlements" represent the unchurched spirit of religion groping for a new garment, seeking a new incarnation.

I said the thoughtful visitor to Chicago this week will have no shrines to visit. Yes, there is at least one place beginning to take upon itself sacred associations and to represent the sanctity of consecration, the value of a little applied religion. The better instincts of our visitors will be drawn more to the humble workshop of Jane Addams than to the best example of church architecture this city can boast of. If you would know what a down-town church, any church in Chicago, can do and ought to do, go visit the Hull House.

Do we not begin to see the opportunity that awaits Chicago to lay the foundations of that loving and working church—the cathedrals of the new thought—the new minsters that will demand the love, reverence and attendance of the laborer and the millionaire, whose beauty will be enhanced by their utility and whose utility will be glorified by their beauty? Buildings where the Sunday worship will be winged because their working days will be alive with love and alight with thought.

The Study Table.

Letters of Emerson.*

These old-timey letters—dating from 1838 to 1853—seem strangely familiar, as if one were reading over letters received from a friend long ago, the memory renewing a past experience. It is from their impersonality, their tone of reflectiveness, from the Emersonian tone reproduced in every inflection, from the occurrence of phrase and sentiment remembered from poems and essays, that this familiarity is derived. The letters contain a few biographical items, memoranda of studies and writing and lecturing, notes of travel and observation on men, and occasional hints of his deeper philosophy. One letter happily describes his environment at Concord: "If I look out of the window there is perhaps a cow; if I go into the garden there are cucumbers; if I look into the brook there is a mud turtle. In the sleep of the great heats there was nothing for me but to read the Vedas, the bible of the tropics, which I find I come back upon every three or four years." This is just the place, the atmosphere and the company, for the cultivation of Emerson's Brahminism, of which cult he was high priest in the West. The loss of his mother in 1853 is the occasion of a brief note respecting her character. Once when at Nantasket Beach he utters a characteristic commentary on the sea: "I have seen enough of the obedient sea-wave forever lashing the obedient shore. I find no emblems here that speak any other language than the sleep and abandonment of my woods and blueberry pastures at home." On one of his lecturing tours to Philadelphia he observes its peace and rich repose: "Very fair and pleasant people, but thus far no originals." He fears while there the stars may disappear in the dull air. When in London he characterizes its prominent people and then quietly remarks: "The seed-corn is oftener found in quite other districts." Though he was not what may be called a good traveler, he acknowledges its necessity for him, lest he be turned to wood and stone at home. "Whenever I get into debt," he remarks, "I must make the plunge into this great odious river of travelers, into these cold eddies of hotels and boarding houses—farther, into these dangerous precincts of charlatanism, namely, lectures, that out of all the evil I may draw a little good in the correction which every journey makes to my exaggeration, in the plain facts I get, and in the rich amends I draw, for many listless days, in the dear society of here and there a wise and great heart." A passage on nature has a familiar sound: "As if nature did not force itself into pits of theaters and cellars of markets, as if the air, and darkness, and space and

*Letters from Emerson to a Friend, 1838-18 3. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Houghton, Mifflin, Boston, 1899.

time were not nature—wild, untamable, all-containing nature." Epigrams sprinkle generously certain pages: "Not in the goals but in his transition man is great, and the truest state of mind rested in becomes false." "Good reading is nearly as rare as good writing. I believe they are both done usually by the same persons." He prefers the poem to the picture, since the poem admits him to fancy and imagination—an effect, however, that he receives equally from weather stains on the wall or shapes of shadows by lamplight. Of art and artists he declares he knows nothing. These and many other observations—pithy, wise, personal and impersonal—make this little sheaf of letters a rare gift for a quiet hour. But one wonders if Emerson always wrote thus placidly and reflectively—if sometimes friendship did not become a deeper passion.

O. L. T.

"Child-Rhymes."*

The Bowen-Merrill Company have made a selection from Riley's poems and published them under the name "Child Rhymes" and with characteristic Hoosier pictures by Will Vawter. Here are some old familiars: "The Reggedy Man," "The Nine Little Goblins" and what is perhaps the best of the children's poems, "The Bear Story." Riley is par excellence the children's laureate. Mr. Stevenson has written some charming songs for children and Eugene Field was at his best in telling children stories, but they both lack Riley's genius of characterization. There are many who can tell stories that interest and amuse children. But where Riley is so exceptional is his ability to become the child and to give childhood actual utterance. This is the merit of "The Bear Story" and other pieces of the "Child World" volume. An adult is not here assuming the rôle of entertainer, but the child is realized in its own nature and entertains the adult and instructs him concerning its own world. Its interest, its fancies, its lisping speech are recorded with psychologic accuracy. This is genuine characterization, and it gives to Riley's poems a scientific interest beyond what the poems in themselves command. Just as primitive tales have a twofold value—one for the interested child and one for the folk-lorist, so Riley's songs may be enjoyed for their own sake and as giving information of child life to those who are devoting themselves to "child study." I do not know of any other body of poems that have just this importance. And this leads to the remark that the child as a theme for poetry and as an object for study is a very recent arrival. The world has been fashioned and controlled by adults. And the imposition of adultism upon the young has been to the injury of untold generations of children. Riley gives the child his own world, treats it as an individual, understands the reality of its life. In their own proper appeal the poems have the fancy, the humor, the pathos, the musical prattle that pertains to child life. It is said that Mr. Riley, now a man of forty-six, is living much in memory of his own boyhood days. "A Child World" is one of his latest books, yet it seems to be the record of an actual experience—a true child's book. The present volume closes with an envoy that summons certain faces out of the past, the face of "a desk-mate," of "a shy little girl," of a mother:

"And ever and ever love blossoms for me
As I sit in the silence and gaze in the fire."

With its poems, its make-up, its pictures, this is a book that children will love.

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

*James Whitcomb Riley's "Child Rhymes," with Hoosier pictures by Will Vawter. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

The October number of the "Atlantic" opens with one of the most valuable articles, on "Secondary Education," that has been published in many a year. It is from the pen of Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard. It is probably appreciated by most thinking people that the problems of secondary education are now most important, and are sure of solution in a thoroughly evolutionary manner. The first problem is whether our secondary schools must remain, in their general outlook, merely tributary to a collegiate system. Dr. Eliot allows that hereafter colleges must take students who are qualified, without having gone through with the prescribed course. To remove the prescribed course liberates the secondary schools from subserviency. Other articles of decided importance are one by President Wheeler of the University of California, on "Language," and "The Flaw of Our Democracy," by J. M. Larned, and a remarkably good article by Charles M. Harvey, on "The Louisiana Expansion in Its World's Aspects." This last article is not only thoroughly scholarly, but broad in its views and thoroughly handled.

In the October "Century" President Wheeler closes up his magnificent work on Alexander the Great. This is certainly one of the most brilliant, scholarly and fascinating historical productions of the nineteenth century. By the way, what is California to do with two such giants, at its rival institutions, as Wheeler over the State University and Jordan at the head of Leland Stanford? Wheeler has made his mark not only at Cornell University but in Germany, as the pre-eminent scholar among all that America has sent over for the last ten years. He is as broad-minded as he is thorough in his work. His history of Alexander is a philosophical as well as historical production. By the way, he is as clear-headed an expansionist as Jordan is a determined anti-expansionist. I am convinced that Wheeler is right and Jordan wrong, but it is a battle of giants. The problem will also be up between them whether a state university should correlate to itself all the public schools of the state. Let this battle also be fought out. Michigan is more fortunate in having no such problem to disturb it.

The "Political Science Quarterly" gives us a thoroughly good table of original articles and reviews. Among the leading articles are one by C. E. Merriam Jr. on "Paine's Political Theories." He calls attention to the fact that Paine laid out a scheme for a progressive income tax. This was exactly opposed to the Hamiltonian system of indirect taxation. The problem is before us, and the probabilities are the country will end in dropping Hamilton and taking up with the theory of Paine. The article is thoroughly worthy of study, and is thoroughly timely. An article on "Government Loans to Farmers" should also be studied. As also another on "American Church Law" and still another on "City and Country Taxes." We find among the reviews a very just one on Dean Worcester's "Philippine Islands" and another on Trevelyan's "England in the Age of Wyclif." "A History of the Presidency," by Edward Stanwood, is also prominently noted—a book that ought to be in every family. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

If a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit.—*Lord Lytton.*

Only thyself thyself can harm
Forget it not! And full of peace,
As if the south wind whispered peace,
Wait then till storm and tumult cease.
—*Celia Thaxter.*

The Home.

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Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Universal benevolence is the law of nature.
MON.—Taught by that Power that pities me, I learn to pity them.
TUES.—Learn the luxury of doing good.
WED.—He who seeks only for applause from without has all his happiness in another's keeping.
THURS.—Ah wise is he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
FRI.—Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain.
SAT.—The indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

Don't Look for the Flaws.

Don't look for the flaws as you go on through life,
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
And look for the virtues behind them;

For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadow hiding;
It is better by far to look for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.

It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle—
The wisest man shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

A Home for a Horse.

A curious instance of kindly feeling occurred the other day to a friend of ours, who has been looking out for a saddle horse. Stepping into the court allotted to public vehicles, at the Pennsylvania station, he noticed a pacing horse which took his fancy. It was attached to a hansom, and he asked the driver about it. The man lighted up at once, and said: "You've picked out the best horse in our stables; he's good every way; he's too good for a cab horse, and besides he's been with us thirteen years, and that's long enough for a beast to be at such hard work. I do wish somebody would buy him that would give him something easier."

"Where could I inquire about it?" said the gentleman.

"At the office of the company."

He called, and the agent replied: "I don't know how much money you've got, but it isn't enough to buy that horse. He's not for sale; but we'd give him to a man who would promise never to sell him, and to see that he had a comfortable old age."

Queer, was it not, for a man simply employed to keep the company in horse flesh for their cab system? What could the fate of a middle-aged horse matter to them? He could be worked for some years yet, and still bring a price.

When our friend returned, several other cabbies came up to inquire, seeming really interested to learn that their favorite was to find a good home.—*New Century Journal.*

Little Mothers.

One of the city sights, almost as common on the back streets as the newsboy in the business center, is the little girl—she may be seven years old, she may be twelve—with a baby tossed over her shoulder. Thin, hungry-looking, often scantily clad, never playing herself, but always looking on at others having a good time, the little mother—the baby's elder sister—represents a life of devotion that is apparently borne without complaint.

Every moment watching her charge—that would be a burden to an older person—waiting longingly for the real mother to come home at night from her long day's work to give the relief which too often is not given, the little mother is the embodiment of suffering fidelity that rarely fails to excite sympathy in the thoughtful observer.

Pure sympathy has found expression in a society formed for the purpose of taking the babies from the mother's hands, so as now and then to give these elder sisters a much-needed outing and rest. It was a happy inspiration that conceived this charity, which possibly was suggested by a touching incident that occurred some time ago in New York City.

There was an alarm of fire in one of the crowded tenement regions. Great columns of smoke arose from the upper windows of an apartment house, and when the engines arrived a portion of its hallway was in flames. By this time most of the tenants were in the street. In one of the groups of the families gathered there a girl of nine suddenly clasped her hands to her head and cried out:

"O, mother! where's the baby?"

The mother had not thought of the child, as she had not been accustomed to care for it. She supposed that, as usual, the baby's elder sister had it in charge, and, instead of blaming herself for neglect, she blamed the little mother with hysterical severity.

"I thought you had him, mother," said the girl patiently; "but I can get him."

Before anyone thought of stopping her she darted past the firemen and through the smoke coming from the door into the burning building. Up two flights of stairs she staggered, groped for a familiar room, and there she found the baby. Thoughtless, as usual, for herself, she rolled him in thick blankets, and began the terrible descent to the street. By this time a fireman was sent to look for her, but was driven back by the smoke and flames. In intense excitement the crowd waited. The seconds seemed hours. When the little mother and baby had been almost given up as lost, a figure shot through the smoke—through the crumbling door, and, coming to the outer air, stood still. Strong arms hurried to support her, but she said simply:

"Take the baby."

Although her hair was singed, and her face burning red with heat, she seemed to be miraculously preserved. There she stood and stared. Then a loud wail burst from her parched lips:

"O, my! O, mother! mother! What is the matter with me? I cannot see!"

The fire had smitten the little heroine blind—and blind for life."

The same situation might call forth a similar brave deed of love in many a home. It should be remembered, however, that the one noble act is no more worthy of commendation than was the patient fidelity that went before it in the everyday service of the "little mother."—*Youth's Companion.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Meadville, Pa.—We are glad to announce that Rev. E. M. Wilber, formerly of Portland, Ore., after a year's sojourn in Europe, has been called to the pulpit of the Unitarian church of this place. We also learn, from private sources, that Professor Gilmore is settling well to new tasks and that his work in Old Testament literature is much enjoyed by students of the Theological School.

The Iowa Unitarian Association, which meets at Omaha October 10 to 11, presents on its program the names of Reverends Mary A. Safford, A. M. Judy, George W. Stone, J. L. Marsh, Wayne P. Smith, Marie H. Jenny, N. M. Mann, Elinor Gordon and E. M. S. Hodgin, with the names of W. R. Leighton of Omaha, Hon. B. F. Gue of Des Moines, Thomas Kilpatrick of Omaha, to represent the laity. The program is what preachers would call a "practical one," given largely to technical, church and ministerial problems.

Milwaukee.—The prospectus of the Milwaukee Ethical Society is before us—an attractive pamphlet of twenty-four pages. It shows careful preparation and offers stimulating outlines of work and study. "Helbeck of Bannisdale" will lead the class far into the hot questions of to-day. There is a men's club, a woman's auxiliary, literary and art sections, try-society and Sunday-school, all of which go to show that Mr. Duncan knows how to plan wisely, and, having planned, to successfully push the execution. He is a leader who knows how to lead.

New York.—Rev. N. K. Schermerhorn has recently been associated with All Souls Church (Episcopal) as assistant rector to Rev. R. Heber Newton. Mr. Schermerhorn has devoted his twenty-eight years' ministry between the conservative Unitarian and Liberal Trinitarian pulpits. He announces a course of Sunday evening sermons, to last from January to May, on the "Pictorial or More Illustrative Portions of the Bible," beginning with the story of creation and ending in the arrival at the promised land.

On Sunday evening he gives a series of talks at the parish house to boys and young men.

Sunday Night Lectures.—This is the way one man does it down in Maine. We print the list, hoping that other ministers will take courage and try to utilize their church Sunday evenings for this high task of compelling literature to serve the cause of worship and welding culture to religion. Henry H. Woude, pastor of the Unitarian Church of Castine, announces the following course of Sunday evening lectures, hoping thereby "to help solve some of the great and burdensome problems resting upon this nation:"

"'Obiter Dicta."
"The Uses of Great Men."
"The Poetry of James Russell Lowell."
"The Man Who Fails."
"John Ruskin—His Message."
"'Ships That Pass in the Night.'"
"Thomas Carlyle—Prophet and Seer."
"Weary Heads and Tired Eyes."

Is It a Reaction?—The "New York Times," of recent date, has a significant notice of the work of Rev. Mr. Hillis in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. It looks as if Mr. Hillis is leading a reaction. He has begun a series of sermons upon St. Paul, a field which Lyman Abbott had pre-empted with a vigorous hand, in the interest of the later criticism and progressive ideas, while Dr. Hillis handles his subject in the spirit and on the intellectual lines of Mr. Moody. Indeed, Mr. Moody himself has been invited to the pulpit, which under the Lyman Abbott administration but poorly sustained the Moody thought or the Moody method. And this reaction, it is said, is led by laymen. Is it a part or allied to that reaction in politics that looks complacently upon military aggressiveness and the imperialism through conquest for republican institutions?

Desirable Lectures Within Reach.—Rev. J. T. Sunderland has just returned from California, and will spend October and November in Chicago and vicinity. Until December 1 he will be open to engagements to preach, or to lecture or speak before women's clubs or other organizations. He offers the following subjects:

1. "The Religion of Kipling."
2. "Robert Ingersoll."
3. "Emerson."
4. "If I were Twenty."
5. "The Bible in the Light of To-day."
6. "Immortality in the Light of Evolution."
7. "Some World-Aspects of the Temperance Problem."
8. "True Expansion, or How to Make Our Country Great and Glorious."
9. "In Florence with Dante, Savanarola and the Brownings."
10. "With Jesus at the Beautiful Sea, or Idyllic Days in Galilee."

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2. "Two Weeks in Jerusalem Amid the Festivities of Palm Sunday and Easter."
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4. Historic and Religious India. Delhi the Magnificent; Benares, the Sacred City; Temples, Mosques, Palaces and Pilgrims; Ruins, the Most Vast and Splendid in the World."

Mr. Sunderland's address is 287 E. Forty-first street, or Unitarian Rooms, 175 Dearborn street.

Books Received.

"Development and Character of Gothic Architecture," by Charles Herbert Moore. The Macmillan Company, New York. Ten Plates in Photogravure and 242 Illustrations in the Text. pp. 454.

"The Memory of Lincoln." Poems Selected, with an Introduction, by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1. pp. 65.

"Old South Leaflets," bound, in four volumes. Published by the Directors of the Old South Meeting House.

"The Young Citizen." By C. F. Dole. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. pp. 212. 45 cents.

From T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston: "Historic Americans." By Elbridge S. Brooks. pp. 84. $1.50.

"The Programme of Christianity." By Henry Drummond, F. R. S. E. F. G. S. pp. 32. 35 cents.

"The Passing of Self." By John Franklin Genung. pp. 48. 35 cents.

"The Charm of Jesus." By Gustav Gart, Ph. D. Translated by Walter Ranschenbusch. pp. 64. 35 cents.

"The City Without a Church." An Address by Henry Drummond, F. R. S. E. F. G. S. pp. 64. 35 cents.

"Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable." By Ernest Crosby. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. pp. 188. $2.

"The Literary Study of the Bible." By Richard G. Moulton, M. A. (Cambridge), Ph. D. (Pennsylvania), Professor of English Literature in the University of Chicago. D. C. Heath & Co. Boston. pp. 569. $2.

"The Bible for Home Reading." C. G. Montefiore. Macmillan & Co. New York and London. pp. 799. 5s. 6d.

"The Messages of the Later Prophets. Arranged in the Order of Time, Analyzed and freely Rendered in Paraphrase. By Frank Knight Sanders, Ph. D., and Charles Foster Kent, Ph. D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. pp. 382. $1.25.

"The Moral Order of the World, in Ancient and Modern Thought." By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D. D. Charles Scribner's Sons. pp. 431. $2.

"Back to Jesus." An Appeal to Evangelical Christians. By Richard A. Armstrong, B. A. Philip Green. London. pp. 100. 1s.

"The Religion of Time and the Religion of Eternity." By Philip H. Wicksteed, M. A. Philip Green, London. pp. 108. 1s.

The Choir, Invisible and Other Sermons. By John White Chadwick. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston, pp. 113.

"Letters Regarding McKinley's War Upon the Filipinos." By Rev. Stephen H. Taft, Santa Monica, Cal., pp. 15.

"Little Brown Brother." Annie L. Diggs.

PAMPHLETS.

"Rhymes Wthout Treason." By James J. Dooling." Published by Albert S. Parsons, Lexington, Mass., pp. 16.

"Catalogue of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Alabama for Negroes." Normal, Alabama, 1898-99, pp. 78.

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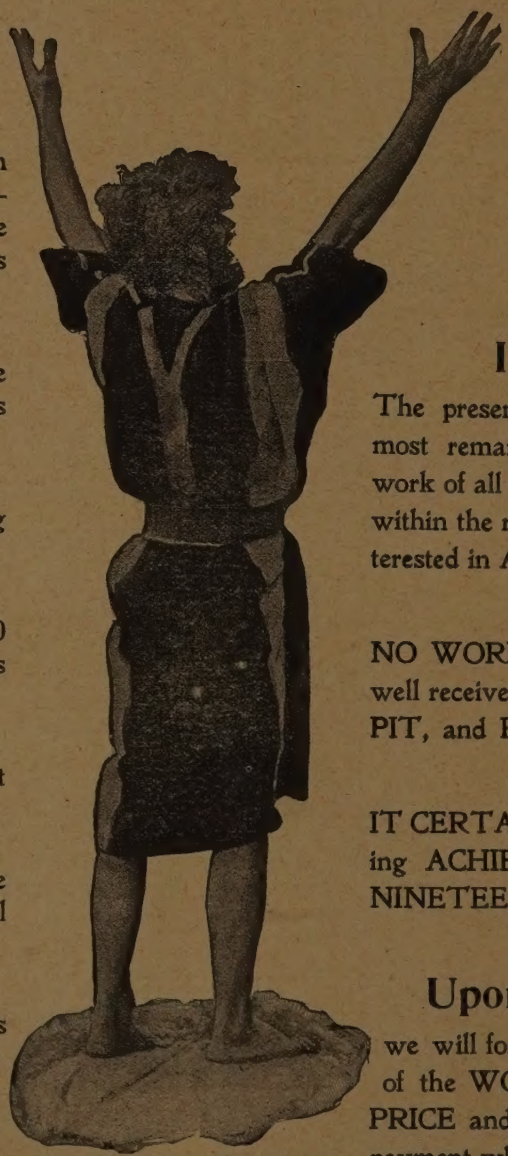

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From Manchester, N. H.:

"I find myself much interested in the lectures on the history of the Bible, and having read the third one write to ask you to put aside for me copies of Unity containing them until such date as I shall remit their price. If I could have had these lectures sixty or seventy years ago they would have saved some hard thinking."

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